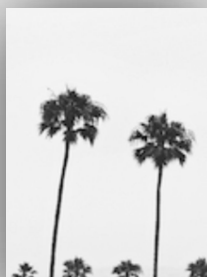




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# Ten Nights, A Smile, and Him.



👁 22 ✓ 1 ★ 2

## Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

My head was pounding and I knew that I only had myself to blame. The blurry reflection of red eyes and smeared makeup did little to hide my persistent joy. Which -perhaps- was a conundrum in itself.

## Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



But such is the struggle of a perpetual drunk who resides in a shitty apartment. I currently found myself struggling in a vandalized public restroom in front of a vandalized public mirror in a vandalized building in a vandalized city.

Would I ever be able to make my escape from the jagged claws of this city?

Tonight had been terrible. My shift at the bar had lasted too long and I just wanted to get back to my dismal living space where I could mix my tears into a large bottle of vodka and fade into a state of sleep.

If only my car hadn't been stolen three days prior.

Upon walking out of the disturbing public restroom, I made the grave mistake of running into a stranger. My drunken staggering

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When I looked up to face

could see of him in my drunken haze.

is fascinating- what little I

I gave him a quick smile in reply before apologizing. Then- I blacked out.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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